

The Mirror

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Cairn and Heathen Altar in Minorca.



Various causes have been assigned by the learned, for those heaps of stones called Cairns, which are to be met with, not only in Great Britain, but in other countries. Some authors suppose them to have been, in the rude ages, the places where the Chieftain elect, at the time of inauguration, stood to show himself to the best advantage to the people; or the place where judgment was pronounced. Others think they were erected on the road side in honour of Mercury, or formed in memory of some solemn compact; or for the celebration of certain religious ceremonies.

Such might have been the reasons in some instances, where the evidences of stone chests and urns are wanting; but these are so generally found, that they seem to determine the most usual purpose of the piles in question, to have been for sepulchral monuments. Even this destination might render them suitable to other purposes, particularly religious, to which, by their nature, they might be supposed to give additional solemnity. According to Toland, fires were kindled on the tops of flat stones, at certain times of the year,

particularly on the eves of the 1st of May and the 1st of November, for the purpose of sacrificing; at which time, all the people having extinguished their domestic hearths, rekindled them from the sacred fires of the Cairns. In general, therefore, these accumulations appear to have been designed for the sepulchral protection of heroes and great men.

Cairns were of various sizes, and may justly be supposed to have been proportioned in size to the rank of the person, or to the degree of esteem in which he was held. The people of a whole district assembled to show their respect to the deceased, and by an active honouring of his memory, soon accumulated heaps equal to those which astonish us at this time. But these honours were not merely those of the day; as long as the memory of the deceased endured, not a passenger went by without adding a stone to the heap; they supposed it would be an honour to the dead, and acceptable to his manes.

To this moment there is a proverbial expression among the Highlanders, allusive to the old custom: a supplicant

will tell his patron, *curri mi cloch er do charne*. "I will add a stone to your Cairn;" meaning, when you are no more, I will do all possible honour to your memory.

One of the most remarkable Cairns is in the island of Minorca, as exhibited in our Engraving, together with a Heathen Altar. The Cairn is about two miles to the eastward of Alaior, on an eminence, and is inclosed by a fence of large flat stones, set on their ends close together, and forming a circular space of about 200 yards diameter. In the centre of this inclosure is a large mass of great rough stones, piled on each other, without mortar, in the figure of a cone, about thirty yards in diameter, and very nearly as many yards in height. It has a cavity at the base, the entrance of which is to the south, and easily admits of a man to enter it, though not without stooping.

There is a path nearly three feet broad, formed on the outside of the pile, by which persons may ascend in a spiral line to the top, where there is a flat area, capable of receiving six or eight persons, and affording an extensive view over the country.

Within the inclosure, at some distance from the massy pile, are two stones, the one set on edge in the ground, and the other placed horizontally, and resting on the top of the first. The upper stone is sixteen feet long, seven feet broad, and twenty inches thick. The dimensions of the other were nearly the same. These are supposed to have formed a heathen altar, and that the flat stone was the place on which the sacrifices were made. The inhabitants of Minorca, however, consider the Cairn as an ancient watch tower, and call them *Athalais*, a name that could only belong to them, on account of their serving as *specule*. Besides, the easy way by which they are ascended, favours such an idea.

SOBER DISSUASIONS FROM DRUNKENNESS.

Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient a devil. SHAKESPEARE.

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a *drunkard*, for the oftener and more you drink, the oftener and more thirsty you will be.

If you seek to prevent your friends raising you in the world, be a *drunkard*, for that will defeat all their efforts.

If you would effectually counteract your own attempts to do well, be a

drunkard, and you will not be disappointed.

If you wish to repel the endeavours of the whole human race to raise you to character, credit, and prosperity, be a *drunkard*, and you will most assuredly triumph.

If you are determined to be poor, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon be ragged and penniless.

If you would wish to starve your family, be a *drunkard*, for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be spunged on by knaves, be a *drunkard*, and that will make their task easy.

If you wish to be robbed, be a *drunkard*, which will enable the thief to do it with more safety.

If you wish to blunt your senses, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon be more stupid than an ass.

If you would become a fool, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon lose your understanding.

If you wish to incapacitate yourself for rational intercourse, be a *drunkard*, for that will render you wholly unfit for it.

If you wish all your prospects in life to be clouded, be a *drunkard*, and they will soon be dark enough.

If you would destroy your body, be a *drunkard*, as drunkenness is the mother of disease.

If you mean to ruin your soul, be a *drunkard*, that you may be excluded from Heaven.

If you are resolved on suicide, be a *drunkard*, that being a sure mode of destruction.

If you would expose both your folly and your secrets, be a *drunkard*, and they will run out, while the liquor runs in.

If you are plagued with great bodily strength, be a *drunkard*, and it will soon be subdued by so powerful an antagonist.

If you would get rid of your money without knowing how, be a *drunkard*, and it will vanish insensibly.

If you would have no resource when past labour, but a workhouse, be a *drunkard*, and you will be unable to provide any.

If you are determined to expel all domestic harmony from your house, be a *drunkard*, and discord, with all her evil train, will soon enter.

If you would be always under strong suspicion, be a *drunkard*, for little as you think it, all agree that those who steal from themselves and families will rob others.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon have reason to prefer the bye paths to the public streets.

If you like the amusements of a court of conscience, be a *drunkard*, and you may be often gratified.

If you would be a dead weight on the community, and "cumber the ground," be a *drunkard*, for that will render you useless, helpless, burthensome, and expensive.

If you would be a nuisance, be a *drunkard*, for the approach of a drunkard is like that of a dunghill.

If you would be odious to your family and friends, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon be more than disagreeable.

If you would be a pest to society, be a *drunkard*, and you will be avoided as infectious.

If you dread reformation of your faults, be a *drunkard*, and you will be impervious to all admonition.

If you would smash windows, break the peace, get your bones broken, tumble under carts and horses, and be locked up in watch-houses, be a *drunkard*, and it will be strange if you do not succeed.

Finally, if you are determined to be utterly destroyed, in estate, body, and soul, be a *drunkard*, and you will soon know that it is impossible to adopt a more effectual means to accomplish your—END.

LIFE AND DEATH.

The gay and gallant Colonel G.
Sat toasting, yes, his bread for tea ;
The place a tent, his fork a sword ;
The best such places oft afford ;
When who like Hebe should walk in
(With beauty that might stoics win) !
But the all-witty Lady L !
When thus exclaim'd the lovely girl :
" What do I see !—the staff of life,
Extended on a soldier's knife !
Nor e'er before saw, as I've breath.
That life so near the point of death !"

UTOPIA.

MINUTE WONDERS OF NATURE AND ART.

Leuwenhoeck, the great microscopic observer, calculates that a thousand millions of animalcules, which are discovered in common water, are not altogether so large as a grain of sand. In the milt of a single cod fish there are more animals than there are upon the whole earth, for a grain of sand is bigger than four millions of them. The

white matter that sticks to the teeth also abounds with animalcules of various figures, to which vinegar is fatal, and it is known that vinegar contains animalcules in the shape of eels. A mite was anciently thought the limit of littleness ; but we are not now surprised to be told of animals 27 millions of times smaller than a mite. Mousisa de l'Isle has given the computation of the velocity of a little creature scarce visible by its smallness, which he found to run three inches in half a second : supposing now its feet to be the fifteenth part of a line, it must make 500 steps in the space of three inches, that is, it must shift its legs 500 times in a second, or in the ordinary pulsation of an artery. See *Hist. Acad.* 1711, page 23. The itch is known to be a disorder arising from the irritation of a species of animalcules found in the pustules of that ailment ; it is a very minute animal, in shape resembling a tortoise, of a whitish colour, but darker on the back than elsewhere, with some long and thick hairs issuing from it, very nimble in its motion, having six legs, a sharp head, and two little horns : the proboscis of a butterfly, which winds round in a spiral form, like the spring of a watch, serves both for mouth and tongue, by entering into the hollows of flowers, and extracting their dews and juices. The seeds of strawberries rise out of the pulp of the fruit, and appear themselves like strawberries when viewed by the microscope. The farina of the sun-flower seems composed of flat circular minute bodies, sharp pointed round the edges, the middle of them appears transparent, and exhibits some resemblance to the flower it proceeds from. The powder of the tulip is exactly shaped like the seeds of cucumbers and melons. The farina of the poppy appears like pearl-barley. That of the lily is a great deal like the tulip. The hairs of men are long tubular fibres through which the blood circulates. The sting of a bee is a horny sheath or scabbard, that includes two bearded darts : the sting of a wasp has eight beards on the side of each dart, somewhat like the beards of fish-hooks. The eyes of gnats are pearly or composed of many rows of little semi-circular protuberances ranged with the utmost exactness. The wandering or hunting spider, who spins no web, has two tufts of feathers fixt to its fore paws of exquisite beauty and colouring. A grain of sand will cover 200 scales of the skin, and also cover 20,000

places where perspiration may issue forth. Mr. Baker has justly observed with respect to the Deity, that with Him "an atom is a world, and a world but as an atom."

Dr. Powersays he saw a golden chain at Tredescant's Museum, South Lambeth, of three hundred links, not more than an inch in length, fastened to and pulled away by a flea. And I myself (says Baker, in his Essay on the Microscope), have seen very lately, near Durham-yard, in the Strand, and have examined with my microscope, a chaise (made by one Mr. Boverick, a watch-maker,) having four wheels, with all the proper apparatus belonging to them, turning readily on their axles: together with a man sitting in the chaise; all formed of ivory, and drawn along by a flea without any seeming difficulty. I weighed it with the greatest care I was able, and found the chaise, man, and flea were barely equal to a single grain. I weighed also, at the same time and place, a brass chain, made by the same hand, about two inches long, containing two hundred links, with a hook at one end, and a padlock and key at the other, and found it less than the third part of a grain. I likewise have seen a quadrille table, with a drawer in it, an eating table, a sideboard table, a looking-glass, twelve chairs with skeleton backs, two dozen of plates, six dishes, a dozen knives, and as many forks, twelve spoons, two salts, a frame and castors, together with a gentleman, lady, and footman, all contained in a *cherry stone*, and not filling much more than half of it." At the present day are to be purchased cherry stones highly polished with ivory screws, which contain each 120 perfect silver spoons, an ingenious bauble worthy the patronage of the juvenile part of the community. We are told that one Oswald Merlinger made a cup of a pepper-corn, which held twelve hundred other little cups, all turned in ivory, each of them being gilt on the edges, and standing upon a foot: and that, so far from being crowded or wanting room, the pepper-corn could have held four hundred more. One pennyworth of crude iron can, by art, be manufactured into watch springs, so as to produce some thousand pounds.

P. T. W.

ON TEA.

The following brief account of the introduction of tea into England, and its gradual increase of consumption,

may not, perhaps, be unacceptable to the readers of the MIRROR.

The precise period at which tea was first introduced into Europe is, in some measure, involved in obscurity. Anderson, whose authority on commercial points is in general to be relied upon, observes, that the earliest author he met with, by whom tea is mentioned, is Giovanni Botaro, a sensible Italian, who, in his work "Of the Cause of the Magnificence and Greatness of Cities," published 1590, says "The Chinese have an herb, out of which they press a delicate juice, which serves them for a drink instead of wine; it also preserves their health, and frees them from all those evils that the immoderate use of wine doth breed unto us." This is evidently descriptive of tea, though it is not mentioned by name. Dr. Lettson, however, says that it had been the subject of notice before that period. The Editors of the Encyclopedia Britannica state, that it was first imported by the Dutch, in 1610. Be this as it may, the Dutch East India Company were unquestionably the first who engaged in tea as an article of commerce; and from the beginning until near the close of the seventeenth century, the whole of the European demand was supplied through the medium of their sales. The quantities, however, that were imported during this period were very trifling, as it was principally used as a medicine, and failed of obtaining any considerable degree of reputation, owing to the discordant opinions that were held by the faculty with regard to its properties. The use of tea was known in England long before the company adopted it as an article of their established imports; but when or by whom it was first introduced, does not appear with any direct certainty. That tea was considered as a scarce and valuable article in 1664, may be gathered from an entry in the company's records, under the date of July the 1st in that year, whereby it appears, that on the arrival of some ships, the master-attendant was ordered to go aboard, and inquire what rarities of birds, beasts, or other curiosities, there were on board, fit to present to his Majesty; and on the 30th of September following, there is in the general books an entry of 2lb. 2oz. of *tea* for his Majesty, for which the company are charged in their accounts with the secretary 4*l.* 5*s.* The first importation of tea made by the company, appears to have been in 1669, when two canisters were received

from the factors at Bantam, weighing 143lb. 8oz. In four years, from 1697 to 1700, the average importation from Holland and the East Indies amounted to 86,935lb. Such was the state of the tea trade in England at the close of the 17th century, at which time it was nearly, if not altogether, unknown in the sister kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland. It is related, upon good authority, that in 1685, the widow of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth sent a pound of tea as a present to some of her noble relations in Scotland; but having omitted to send the needful directions for its use, the tea was boiled, the liquor thrown away, and the leaves served up at table as a vegetable. It is needless to add, that in this way the rarity was not very highly esteemed. From 1700, however, to the present period, the consumption of tea in Great Britain has been gradually increasing, till it has reached the astonishing extent of upwards of 25,000,000lb. per annum. It may be literally said to have descended from the palace to the cottage, and from a fashionable and expensive luxury has been converted into an essential comfort, and now forms the morning repast of almost every family in the kingdom.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

SICK PLANTER AND SLAVE.

A planter, near Jamaica town,
Was sick beyond the art of healing;
He was a man of high renown,
And rich in every thing—but feeling.

Vasa, his slave, a faithful lad,
Was somewhat in his master's graces;
And as one day the fool look'd sad,
He took him to his kind embraces.

Quoth he, "good fellow, I've a thought
To leave thee free with store of money."

Blacky the notion quickly caught,
And sobb'd, "Sweet massa—tark'e honey."

"And when you die, that you may rest
Near him whose bounty thus confer'd is,

I'll have it in my will express'd
That in my vault your corpse inter'd is."

"Oh, my good massa—never care,"
The slave returned—"me no disgrace you;

Me satisfy de gold to share,
Your own relations me give placeto "

"How!" said the planter, in a pet:
'Trembling the boy replied, "Dear massa,
Me fear old Debbil may forget,
And stead of you—may take poor Vasa."
++

IMPROMPTU

*On seeing the last Musical Production
of the venerable Dr. Harrington.*

BY PETER PINDAR.

(Never before published.)

When people borrow, it should be their
care

To send things back again—it is but
fair;

To gratitude and manners this is
due.

Therefore, good Doctor, to the God of
Song,

Return his lyre—you've really had it
long.

Others must be obliged as well as
you.

REASON FOR THICK ANCLES.

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my ancles grow so
thick."

"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."
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ESSAY ON SNUFF-TAKING.

Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half.

One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten.

One day out of every ten amounts to 36 days and a half in every year.

Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it.

The expense of snuff, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs, will be the subject of a second essay, in which it will appear, that the luxury increases as much on the income of the snuff-taker as it does on his time; and by the money thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the national debt.

DR. HERSCHELL'S WEATHER TABLE.

The following very curious table of the weather is said to have been constructed by that celebrated astronomer, the late Sir William Herschell, as the

result of many years experience in England, and of a philosophical consideration of attractions of the Sun and Moon, as affecting the weather in our very changeable and uncertain climate :

Time of New or Full Moon, or of entering the First or Last Quarter.	Weather likely to follow during the Quarter.	
	In Summer.	In Winter.
12 at Noon to 2 P. M.	Very rainy	Snow or Rain.
2 P. M. to 4	Changeable	Fair and Mild.
4 to 6	Fair	Fair.
6 to 10	{ Fair, if wind N. W. { Rainy, if S. or S. W.	Fair, Frosty, if N. or N. E. Rain or Snow, if S. or S. W.
10 to 12 Mid.	Fair	Fair and Frosty.
12 Mid. to 2 A. M.	Fair	Hard Frost, unless S. or W.
2 A. M. to 4	Cold, with showers	Snow and Stormy.
4 to 6	Rain	Snow and Stormy.
6 to 8	Wind and Rain	Stormy.
8 to 10	Changeable	{ Cold Rain, if wind W. { Snow, if E.
10 to 12 Noon.	Frequent showers	Cold, with high wind.

If this table be compared with the actual circumstances which have taken place in July last, it will be found tolerably correct. The new Moon was a little before two in the afternoon, on the 6th July, which, in the above table, answers to "very rainy" from that day till the 13th. The first quarter was a little after two in the afternoon of the 13th, which answers to "changeable" till the 21st; and the full Moon was about half after six in the afternoon of the 21st, which answers to "rainy" till the 29th, whenever the wind is in the south or south-west.

We do not pretend to vouch for the accuracy of this table. Yet we believe that there exist materials for a tolerably systematic prediction of the weather, in the long continued observations made by our eminent Astronomers and Natural Philosophers. It can hardly be supposed, that the great Astronomer who discovered volcanos in the Moon, and snow in the planet Mars, who catalogued the nebulous stars, and proved the movement of our whole solar system toward the stars of Hercules, should have discovered nothing scientific in the course of his meteorological observations on our own atmosphere. The same may be said of other distinguished men. "By the care and assiduity of Doctor Maskelyne," says a learned foreigner, "the journal of the Observatory of Greenwich became an inexhaustible storehouse of observations, cited for their

extreme exactness." Now, it is difficult to conceive that none of these observations have a bearing on the causes which produce the changes in the weather. "The variations of the atmosphere," says the writer before quoted, "seem to succeed each other by chance; but there is no such thing as chance." Those variations depend on certain laws, which perhaps may be connected together by one great common principle, as Newton connected together the laws of the tides by the great principle of the mutual attraction of the Moon and the Earth.

The above table seems to refer to the same principle of attraction. Ever since Torricelli's discovery of the barometer, the air has been known to be a gravitating substance, and subsequent experiments have ascertained the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere on the surface of the earth to be about 15lb. weight to a square inch. Now its gravitation towards the earth must be affected by the approaching or receding of the Moon, and thus the variations of the atmosphere may be regarded as a sort of tides in the air, only more diversified in their operations than the tides of the sea; because air is more expansive than water, combines more readily with heat, electricity, and thus produces the various phenomena of winds, clouds, rain, hail, snow, &c. Modern philosophy has given us many means unknown to the ancients of observing these phenomena with accuracy; we have the barometer, the thermome-

ter, the electrometer, the stormglass; we know much more of the condensation and expansion of vapours, the precipitation of watery and earthy particles, the developement of gases, &c.; we have proved rainbows, haloes, and mock suns to be merely optical appearances; have distinguished comets from atmospheric meteors, and have gone a great way towards explaining the Aurora Borealis, the showers of stones, and other things anciently deemed prodigies. So much being cleared away, it is not unreasonable to expect that meteorological science may be successfully cultivated, especially with the aid of astronomy.

The Sketch Book.

No. X.

THE MAID-SERVANT.

BY MR. HAZLITT.

The maid-servant must be considered as young, or else she has married the butcher, the butler, or her *cousin*, or has otherwise settled into a character distinct from her original one, so as to become what is properly called the domestic. This maid-servant, in her apparel, is either slovenly and fine by turns, and dirty always; or she is at all times snug and neat, and dressed according to her station. In the latter case, her ordinary dress is black stockings, a stuff gown, a cap, and a neck-handkerchief pinned corner-wise behind. If you want a pin, she just feels about her, and has always one to give you. On Sundays and holydays, and perhaps on afternoons, she changes her black-stockings for white, puts on a gown of a better texture and fine pattern, sets her cap and her curls jauntily, and lays aside the neck-handkerchief for a high body, which, by the way, is not half so pretty. There is something very warm and latent in the handkerchief—something easy, vital, and genial. A woman in a high-bodied gown, made to fit her like a case, is by no means more modest, and is much less tempting. She looks like a figure at the head of a ship. We could almost see her chucked out of doors into a cart with as little remorse as a couple of sugar-loaves.—The tucker is much better, as well as the handkerchief; and is to the other, what the young lady is to the servant. The one always reminds us of the Sparkler, in Sir Richard Steele; the other of Fanny, in Joseph Andrews.

But to return. The general furniture of her ordinary room the kitchen, is not

so much her own as her master's and mistress's, and need not be described: but in a drawer of the dresser or the table, in company with a duster, and a pair of snuffers, may be found some of her property, such as a brass thimble, a pair of scissors, a thread-case, a piece of wax-candle, much wrinkled with the thread, an odd volume of Pamela, and perhaps a sixpenny play, such as George Barnwell, or Mrs. Behn's Oroonoko.—There is a piece of looking-glass also in the window. The rest of her furniture is in the garret, where you may find a good looking-glass on the table; and in the window a bible, a comb, and a piece of soap. Here stands also, under stout lock and key, the mighty mystery—the box—containing among other things her clothes, two or three song-books, consisting of nineteen for the penny; sundry tragedies at a half-penny the sheet; the Whole Nature of Dreams laid open, together with the Fortune Teller, and the Account of the Ghost of Mrs. Veal; the Story of the Beautiful Zoa, who was cast away on a desert island, showing how, &c.; some half-crowns in a purse, including pieces of country-money, with the good Countess of Coventry on one of them, riding naked on the horse; a silver penny wrapped up in cotton by itself: a crooked sixpence, given her before she came to town, and the giver of which has either forgotten her, or been forgotten by her, she is not sure which; two little enamel boxes, with looking-glass in the lids, one of them a fairing, the other “a trifle from Margate;” and lastly, various letters, square and ragged, and directed in all sorts of spelling, chiefly with little letters for capitals; one of them written by a girl who went to a day-school with her, is directed “miss.”

In her manners, the maid-servant sometimes imitates her young mistress; she puts her hair in papers, cultivates a shape, and occasionally contrives to be out of spirits. But her own character and condition overcome all sophistications of this sort; her shape, fortified by the mop and scrubbing-brush, will make its way; and exercise keeps her healthy and cheerful. From the same cause her temper is good, though she gets into little heats when a stranger is over saucy, or when she is told not to go so heavily down stairs, or when some unthinking person goes up her wet stairs with dirty shoes, or when she is called away often from dinner; neither does she much like to be seen scrubbing the street-door steps of

morning; and sometimes she catches herself, saying, "drat that butcher," but immediately adds, "God forgive me." The tradesmen indeed, with their compliments and arch looks, seldom give her cause to complain. The milkman bespeaks her good humour for the day, with "Come, pretty maids." Then follow the butcher, the baker, the oilman, &c. all with their several smirks and little loiterings; and when she goes to the shops herself, it is for her the grocer pulls down his string from its roller with more than ordinary whirl, and tosses, as it were, his parcel into a tie: for her, the cheesemonger weighs his butter with half a glance, cherishes it round about with his patties, and dabs the little piece on it, to make it up, with a graceful jerk.

Thus pass the mornings between working and singing, and giggling and grumbling, and being flattered. If she takes any pleasure unconnected with her office before the afternoon, it is when she runs up the area steps, or to the door, to hear and purchase a new song, or to see a troop of soldiers go by; or when she happens to thrust her head out of a chamber-window at the same time with a servant at the next house, when a dialogue infallibly ensues, stimulated by the imaginary obstacles between. If the maid-servant is wise, the best part of her work is done by dinner time; and nothing else is necessary to give perfect zest to the meal. She tells us what she thinks of it, when she calls it "a bit o' dinner." There is the same sort of eloquence in her other phrase, "a cup o' tea;" but the old ones, and the washerwomen beat her at that. After tea, in great houses, she goes, with the other servants, to Hotcockles, or What-are-my-thoughts-like, and tells Mr. John to "have done then;" or if there is a ball given that night, they throw open all the doors, and make use of the music up stairs to dance by. In smaller houses, she receives the visits of her aforesaid cousin, and sits down alone, or with a fellow-maid servant to work: talks of her young master or mistress, and Mr. Ivins (Evans); or else she calls to mind her own friends in the country, where she thinks the cows and "all that" beautiful, now she is away. Meanwhile, if she is lazy, she snuffs the candle with her scissors; or if she has eaten more heartily than usual, she sighs double the usual number of times, and thinks that tender hearts were born to be unhappy.

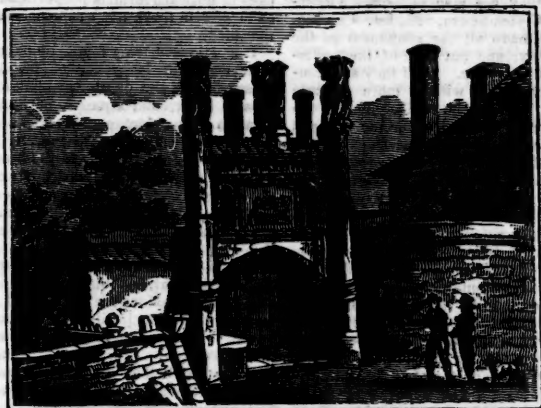
Such being the maid-servant's life in

doors, she scorns, when abroad, to be any thing but a creature of sheer enjoyment. The maid-servant, the sailor, and the school-boy, are the three beings that enjoy a holiday beyond all the rest of the world; and all for the same reason, because their inexperience, peculiarity of life, and habit of being with persons, or circumstances, or thoughts above them, give them all, in their way, a cast of the romantic. The most active of money-getters is a vegetable, compared with them. The maid-servant, when she first goes to Vauxhall, thinks she is in heaven. A theatre is all pleasure to her, whatever is going forward; whether the play, or the music, or the waiting, which makes others impatient, or the munching of apples and gingerbread-nuts, which she and her party commence almost as soon as they have seated themselves. She prefers tragedy to comedy, because it is grander, and less like what she meets with in general; and, because she thinks it more in earnest also, especially in the love scenes. Her favourite play is "Alexander the Great," or the "Rival Queens." Another great delight is in going a shopping. She loves to look at the patterns in the windows, and the fine things labelled with those corpulent numerals of "only 7s."—"only 6s. 6d." She has also, unless born and bred in London, been to see my Lord Mayor, the fine people coming out of Court, and the "beasties" in the Tower; and at all events she has been to Astley's and the Circus, from which she comes away equally smitten with the rider, and sore with laughing at the clown. But it is difficult to say what pleasure she enjoys most. One of the completest of all is the fair, where she walks through an endless round of noise, and toys, and gallant apprentices, and wonders. Here she is invited in by courteous well-dressed people, as if she were the mistress. Here also is the conjurer's booth, where the operator himself, a most stately and genteel person, all in white, calls her ma'am, and says to John by her side, in spite of his laced hat, "Be good enough, sir, to hand the card to the lady." Ah! may her cousin turn out as true as he is; or may she get home soon enough, and smiling enough, to be as happy again next time.

On a Miser.

"Well worth fifty thousand pounds,"
old Gripes died:—

'Tis well—for he was nothing worth beside!

Cardinal Wolsey's College at Ipswich.

If Cardinal Wolsey was one of the most haughty, he was at the same time one of the most magnificent, prelates that ever wore the Cardinal's hat. His houses were all palaces, and England is indebted for many of her grandest architectural works to his munificence; his household was like that of a sovereign, and his goingsforths like the pageants of an Eastern prince, whom it rivalled in splendour. It was not, however, to a mere ostentatious display of show that the ample revenues of Cardinal Wolsey were devoted: he dispensed much in works of charity, and the dilapidated College at Ipswich, of which we this week present an Engraving, is still a monument of the benevolence of his disposition.

Cardinal Wolsey was a native of Ipswich, and the house is still shown in which he is said to have been born. The Cardinal wishing to bestow some marks of regard on the place of his nativity as well as being desirous to erect a lasting monument of his greatness, resolved to build and endow a College and Grammar-school, to serve as a nursery for his new College at Oxford: he therefore, on the site and estate of the priory of St. Peter and Paul, which he suppressed, founded a College in the 21st of Henry VIII. and dedicated it to the honour of the Blessed Virgin, consisting of a Dean, 12 secular Canons, eight Clerks, and eight Choristers, toge-

ther with a grammar-school, and endowed it with the spoils of the adjoining monasteries. But this noble foundation was scarcely completed before the disgrace of the Cardinal, and it was alienated from the original object.

No part of this College now remains except the gate, which stands adjoining to the east side of St. Peter's Church-Yard, the rest having long been demolished to the very foundation. The gate, with the exception of a square stone tablet, on which are carved the arms of Henry VIII. is entirely of brick, worked into niches, wreathed pinnacles and chimnies, flowers, and other decorations, according to the fashion of the times. The gate now leads to a private house, in the apartments of which are some coats of arms.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

TRAITS OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

It has often, no doubt, been remarked as a defect among the Poets of Antiquity, that they have so rarely exhibited Woman in all the peculiar loveliness of her nature. The Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans, though Sophocles and a few others may afford partial exceptions, seem to have regarded the female sex as almost below the dignity of poetical notice. When

they are introduced upon the scene, it is almost always in masculine characters: they are men in women's apparel. Clytemnestra, Medea, Camilla, Amata, have all the roughness of the other sex, and but little of the tenderness of their own. Or if they are occasionally drawn with a more delicate pencil, it is only to exhibit them at the loom, amongst their maids, or engaged in their household affairs. Not to speak of the Delities, who seem to participate all the vices of the human race and none of the virtues, Penelope, nay Andromache herself, the most amiable female characters painted by Homer (who in powers of delineation was the Shakespeare of that age), are but faint and lifeless representations of Woman as she is often to be found upon the great stage of Nature. The draught of the poet was infinitely less poetical than the original, for the cold majestic housewifely deportment of Andromache towards Hector, even in the height of her grief for his departure, is such as no matron who tenderly loves her husband would assume. In this respect the Moderns have not only manifested a more delicate taste and refined sensibility, but have taken a much more philosophical view of human nature. The Ancients evidently seem to have considered women as an inferior species of beings to men, which is a doctrine as illiberal as it is unphilosophical. The sneer couched in the very gender of Virgil's "*varium et mutabile semper femina*," is sufficient to indicate the opinion of the earlier ages; the literal translation of this sentence being—Woman is a fickle and changeable animal. Indeed they seldom in their writings give us any reason to suppose that they examined the subject with due attention; they do not appear ever to have justly appreciated the peculiar graces of the female mind, or the characteristic virtues of the female disposition. The Turks are said to hold that women have no souls, and I cannot but conclude the Greeks and the Romans so far barbarians, that they were wholly ignorant of a fact which I am sure needs only be asserted to obtain general assent—viz. the higher perfection of that quality which we denominate *soul*, in the female breast than in ours. Whatever we may arrogate in point of understanding, whatever with respect to the grander emotions of the soul—where the finer dispositions or feelings (which we denominate, *par excellence*, soul)

are concerned, it must be allowed that the sex which is pre-eminent for delicacy of outward form, is proportionably endued with these nicer refinements of the spirit.

It has long been a favourite opinion with me, that in purity of feelings, where love is the passion, in devotedness of heart, and strength of attachment to the object preferred, women are, generally speaking, far nobler beings than men. Indeed, if the reader agrees with me in the assertions made above, first, that women are pre-eminent in soul, and secondly, that soul is predominant in love, he must of necessity also agree with me, that women love with more truth and intensity than we do; thus far, my theory is impregnable. But besides the intensity of the feeling, I think its purity in the female breast is for the most part confirmed by observation. In her loves, woman is seldom more than an ardent friend; in his, man is never less than a lover. The fast and best quality engaged in this passion—Constancy, is, however, that in which I think the nobleness of the female heart chiefly remarkable. There is a spirit of peculiar devotedness to the object of her love, in the breast of a woman, a certain *fortitude* of affection, which no changes or chances of life can discourage, which increases with adversity, and which unkindness itself cannot subdue: woman's love, like an April flower, seems to bloom most sweetly in tears. To her, love is a second nature, the business of her life, the motive of her actions, the theme of her waking thoughts, the shadow which her fancy pursues even in slumber; it is the innate principle of her constitution, it is born with her, it grows with her heart-strings, and she rarely parts with it, but with her life. Constancy is then, in her, almost an unavoidable virtue, for her happiness consists in loving and being loved, which latter constancy best ensures. By the very delicacy of her constitution she is bound to home, she is essentially domestic; her temperament, therefore, must be one which can be *satisfied with sameness*, else there would be no fitness between the being and its circumstances; in other words, she is of a constant, faithful disposition. Of course I shall be understood as speaking generally; there are many inconstant women. Nay, perhaps, where love is not immediately concerned, the same exquisite sensibility to every

thing charming will induce fickleness: new pleasurable objects will excite new feelings.

It is from this devotedness of spirit, that I conclude, in opposition to common opinion, that women are more capable of mutual friendship than men.

It has been objected, that although friendships amongst women are, from their spirit of constancy, more permanent *when made*, yet that there is no natural tendency in that sex towards mutual friendship. This may be very true, and when I see it proved I shall believe it. To say, however, that woman's love for the other sex interferes with her love for her own, goes but a very little way in advancing this proof—for is not man in an exactly similar predicament? We are told: men, after marriage, frequently preserve their friendships as close as before; women generally, after the same ceremony, sacrifice theirs. Grantin the fact, what does it prove? That women are more inconstant than men? Certainly not: but that their domestic duties prevent them cultivating friendship as sedulously as before, and that this noble feeling declines, and perhaps gradually dies, as all feelings will, which are thus cut off from exercise. Those also who assert that women have not greatness of mind to entertain friendship, would do well to recollect that they have softness and amiability of disposition, which is much better. Besides, I have Shakspeare on my side, whose

— name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

We cannot, surely, forget Helena's address to Hermia, when Oberon had thrown his enchantments around them.

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—O, is all now forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?—

We Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,

Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Here is Shakspeare, who seems to have made for himself a window in every human breast, here is the Grand Inquisitor who penetrates with an intuition almost supernatural the mysteries of this "little world of man," here is the infallible interpreter of Nature, Shakspeare himself, delineating a picture of friendship the most perfect; and who compose the group on the foreground? *Women!* Now I put it to the candour of the reader, would Shakspeare have drawn such a vivid picture of female friendship, unless the propriety of it had been suggested to him by his previous observation of human nature? Why did he never think of depicting two *boys* in such an attitude?

Antigone is another instance of female devotedness. In defiance of the king's edict, she piously intert the body of her brother Polynices, and according to the penalty denounced, is *buried alive!* Moreover, Electra sacrifices her own mother to avenge her father's death; and it is especially worthy of notice, that her brother Orestes, who had the same reason to perform this revolting deed of justice, is quite a secondary personage in the tragedy, he is little more than a passive instrument in the hands of Electra. So that in both these cases, whether considered as matters of history or poetical fiction, fidelity of spirit is assigned to the female sex, as a characteristic attribute distinguishing them above men. I do not however adduce either deed as a proof of woman's constancy of *affection*; they were rather acts of heathen piety. Much less are the Antigone and Electra of Sophocles to be looked upon as favourable pictures of the sex in general, nor as exonerating the poets of antiquity from the imputation of apathy with respect to the peculiar beauty of the female character. They are both, especially the latter, marked by a spirit of fierceness, which is by no means amiable. Antigone in the *Œdipus Coloneus* (which affords another instance of devotedness, in the same person,) is a far more faithful copy of woman

in the best array of her virtues. But where shall we find the tenderness, the delicacy of soul, the fineness of sensibility, and all the mild excellencies of the female character, portrayed with such exquisite truth and feeling, as in our own Juliet, Desdemona, Ophelia, Cordelia, Imogen, Hermione, and Miranda?
London Magazine.

THE POET AMONG THE TREES.

Oak is the noblest tree that grows,
Its leaves are Freedom's type and herald;

If we may put our faith in those
Of Literary-Fund Fitzgerald.

Willow's a sentimental wood,
And many Sonneteers, to quicken 'em,

A relic keep of that which stood
Before Pope's Tusculum at Twickenham.

The Birch-tree with its pendent curves,
Exciting many a sad reflection,
Not only present praise deserves,
But our posterior recollection.

The Banyan, though unknown to us,
Is sacred to the Eastern Magi.
Some like the taste of Tityrus,
"Recubans sub tegmine fagi."

Some like the Juniper—in gin;
Some fancy that its berries droop, as
Knowing a poison lurks within
More rank than that distill'd from th' Upas.

But he who wants a useful word,
To tag a line or point a moral,
Will find there's none to be preferr'd
To that inspiring tree the Laurel.

The hero-butchers of the sword,
In Rome and Greece and many a far land,
Like Bravos murder'd for reward,
The settled price—a laurel-garland.

On bust or coin we mark the wreath,
Forgetful of its bloody story,
How many myriads writh'd in death,
That one might bear this type of glory.

Cæsar first wore the badge, 'tis said,
'Cause his bald scone had nothing on it,

Knocking some millions on the head,
To get his own a leafy bonnet.

Luckily for the Laurel's name,
Profaned to purposes so frightful,
'Twas worn by nobler heirs of fame,
All innocent, and some delightful.

With its green leaves were victors crown'd

In the Olympic games for running,
Who wrestled best, or gallop'd round
The Circus with most speed and cunning.

Apollo crown'd with Bays gives laws
To the Parnassian Emphyrean;
And every school-boy knows the cause,
Who ever dipp'd in Tooke's Pantheon.

Daphne, like many another fair,
To whom connubial ties are horrid,
Fled from his arms, but left a rare
Memento sprouting on his forehead.

For Bays did ancient bards compete,
Gather'd on Pindus or Parnassus;
They by the leaf were paid, not sheet,
And that's the reason they surpass us.

One wreath thus twines the heads about,
Whose brains have brighten'd all
our sconces,
And those who others' brains knock'd out,
'Cause they themselves were royal dunces.

Men fight in these degenerate days,
For crowns of gold, not laurel fillets;
And bards who borrow fire from bays,
Must have them in the grate for billets.

Laureates we have, (for cash and sack)
Of all calibres and diameters,
But 'stead of poetry, alack!
They give us lachrymose Hexameters.

And that illustrious leaf for which
Folks wrote and wrestled, sung and bluster'd,
Is now boil'd down to give a rich
And dainty flavour to our custard!

New Monthly Magazine.

GOOD BYE.

When from the friend we dearly love,
Fate tells us we must part,
By words we can but feebly prove
The anguish of the heart.

And no soft speech, howe'er sincere,
Can half so much imply,
As the suppress'd, though trembling
tear,
That drowns those words "Good
bye."

B. L.

WREATH THE BOWL,

From the Irish Melodies.

BY T. MOORE, ESQ.

Wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rd's heaven to night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Should love amid
The wreaths be hid,
The joy th' enchanter brings us ;
No danger fear :
While wine is near
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then wreath the bowl, &c.

'Twas nectar fed
(Of old 'tis said)
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos ;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows :—

Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended ;
Then bring wit's beam,
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar splendid.
So wreath the bowl, &c.

Say why did Time,
His glass sublime,
Fill up with sands unightly ?
When wine he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly !

Oh, lend it us,
And smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever ;
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever !
Then wreath the bowl, &c.

Miscellanies.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE I.

This king was masked at a ball, and discoursed with a lady, who was also in disguise, and whom he did not know. The lady proposed to him to go with her to an adjoining room for refreshments: the king consented. The lady, filling a glass, drank the health of the Pretender. "With all my heart," replied the generous monarch, "I drink willingly the health of all unfortunate princes."

Walking by the celebrated ruins of Reculvers, in the Isle of Thanet, I ob-

served the following curious lines, inscribed on a stone on the walls:

Tempus edax rerum,
Observe these walls and fear 'em,
For should you come too near 'em,
These walls, for want of serum,
Will bury you inter 'em,
And prove to those who're near 'em,
That Tempus edax rerum.

T. A. V. B.

ANECDOTE OF MISS AMBROSE.

The vice-regal administration of Lord Chesterfield in Ireland, was distinguished in many respects beyond that of any other viceroy who had preceded him. As a judge and patron of learning, his levees were always attended with men of letters, and the Castle drawing-rooms were enlivened with a constellation of beauties.

Miss Ambrose was universally allowed to be the brightest star in that constellation. She was a Roman Catholic, and descended of one of the oldest families in the kingdom. Her charms and vivacity (which were always tempered with modesty and prudence) furnished his Lordship with many opportunities of complimenting both, with a delicacy peculiar to a nobleman of his refined taste and wit. On the first day of July, the Protestants of Ireland wore orange lilies, in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne, which was fought on that day, and which was a grand gala at Court. On one of these occasions, Miss Ambrose appeared with an orange lily in her bosom, which immediately caught the Viceroy's eye, and called forth the following extemporary lines:

"Say, lovely traitor, where's the jest
Of wearing orange on thy breast ;
When that same breast uncover'd

shows

The whiteness of the rebel rose ?"

A few days afterwards, a delegation from the ancient town of Drogheda waited on his Lordship with the freedom of their corporation in a gold box. Miss Ambrose happened to be present: as the box was of the finest workmanship, she jocosely requested that his Lordship would give it to her. "Madam," said he, "you have too much of my freedom already." Lord Chesterfield used to say, in allusion to the power of beauty, that she was the only dangerous Papist in Ireland.

Encircled by a crowd of admirers, in the hey-day of her bloom, she had the good sense to prefer the hand of a plain worthy Baronet (Sir Roger Palmer) to

all the wealth and titles that were thrown at her feet. The marriage of this lady was announced in one of the Dublin prints in these words:

"The celebrated Miss Ambrose, of this kingdom, has, to the much-envied happiness of one, and the grief of thousands, abdicated her maiden empire of beauty, and retreated to the temple of Hymen." Lady Palmer is still alive; and has the second pleasure of seeing herself young again in a numerous train of grand-children.

J. SAM. WELV.

OF THE MANUFACTURE OF LEADEN SHOT.

The manufacture of small shot is curious, and will probably amuse the young reader. In melting the lead, a small quantity of arsenic is added, which disposes it to run into spherical drops. When melted it is poured into a cylinder pierced with holes. The lead streaming through the holes, soon divides into drops, which fall into water, where they congeal. They are not all spherical; therefore, those that are must be separated, which is done by an ingenious contrivance. The whole is sifted on the upper end of a long smooth inclined plane, and the grains roll down to the lower end. But the pear-like shape of the bad grains makes them roll down irregularly, and they waddle as it were to a side, while the round ones run straight down, and are afterwards sorted into sizes by sieves. The manufacturers of the patent shot have fixed their furnace, for melting the metal, at the top of a tower 100 feet high, and procure a much greater number of spherical grains, by letting the melted lead fall into water from this height, as the shot is gradually cooled before it reaches the water.

GLOW-WORM.

The glow-worm, or *ciendela* of Linnaeus, is the wingless female of a beetle insect. The male is of a dusky hue, without much beauty or peculiarity of markings. The female is more like the larva or grub of a beetle, than a perfect full grown insect. The light, which is of a beautiful sulphur colour, proceeds from the three last rings of the body. It is phosphorescent, and is so strong that it will show itself through several folds of paper in which it may be wrapped. From the circumstance of the male being a winged animal, and the female not, it was necessary that some contrivance should be had re-

course to for directing the rambler to his sedentary mate. What more beautiful, and at the same time sufficient guide, could possibly be contrived, than this self-lighted hymenial torch?

WAT TYLER AND SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH.

Wat Tyler, when in servitude, had been beaten by his master, Richard Lions, a great merchant of wines, and a sheriff of London. This chastisement, working on an evil disposition, appears never to have been forgiven; and when this radical assumed his short-lived dominion, he had his old master beheaded, and his head carried before him on a spear! So Grafton tells us, to the eternal obloquy of this arch-Jacobin, who "was a crafty fellow, and of an excellent wit, but wanting grace." I would not sully the glory of the patriotic blow which ended the rebellion with the rebel; yet there are secrets in history! Sir William Walworth, "the ever famous Mayor of London," as Stowe designates him, has left the immortality of his name to one of our suburbs; but when I discovered in Stowe's Survey that Walworth was the landlord of the stews on the Bank-side, which he farmed out to the Dutch *vrons*, and which Wat had pulled down, I am inclined to suspect that private feeling first knocked down the saucy ribald, and then thrust him through and through with his dagger, and that there was as much of personal vengeance as patriotism, which raised his arm to crush the demolisher of so much valuable property!

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—WORTON.

WELCH BOAST.—The Welch boast that they exceed all the world in three things, namely, having the first Christian king, emperor, and monastery in the world, namely, Lucius, Constantine, and Bangor.

EPIGRAM.

"Don't you think there'd be much more of bloodshed than now,
If the women, like us, their own battles were waging?"
Quoth cynical Dick: said his friend, "I allow
That there might, for they're sure
to be always *engaging*."

INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT AT BENSON, IN OXFORDSHIRE.

M: S:

To the pious Memory

of Ralph Quelche and Jane his wife,

Who slept } together in a } bed by ye space of 40 years.
Now sleep } grave till Ct. shall awaken them.He } fell asleep Anno Dmi } 1629 } being aged } 63 } years
She } 1619 } 59 }For the fruite } labours } they ft } ye New Inn twice built at
of their } bodies } one only son and two
daughters.Their son being liberally bred in ye University of Oxon
thought himself bound to erect this small monumentof } their } piety towards } God.
his } them.

PATIENCE.

Sir Simon, as snoring he lay in his bed,
Was awaked by the cry, "Sir, your
lady is dead."He heard, and returning to slumber,
quoth he,"In the morn when I wake, oh! how
grieved I shall be."GALEN.—It was chance that led to
the conversion of Galen, who, though
an atheist, was a strict observer of na-
ture, but finding a skeleton, he thought
it of too curious a construction to be
the production of chance.BOILEAU.—Boileau, when a child,
playing on a green, fell down; in his
fall his coats turned up, and a turkey
being by, gave him several pecks; he
felt the injury during his whole life.
Hence, most probably, arose his seve-
rity of manners, and that want of sen-
sibility visible in all his works: hence
his satire against women, against Lulli,
Quinault, and all verses of gallantry;
and hence his epistle on the love of
God.

ON A MISER.

I have seen him anxious watch his heap
of dung,Least sparrows there might find a grain
of corn.

AN EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

Here Scrapeall lies in cold clay clad,
Who died for want of what he had.

ETYMOLOGY.—AN EPIGRAM.

A Cantab ask'd a Cambridge clown,
If he could conjugate, knew verb or
noun,Or etimologise—what a DUEL meant?
Sure, "from DO-ILL—a LIFE mis-
spent."On a Publican of the name of Death,
in the Wandsworth Road:

O! call not here ye sottish wights,

For purt, nor ale, nor gin;

For if ye stop, who'er alights,

By Death is taken in.

Where having eat and drank your fill,

Should ye, O! hapless case,

Neglect to pay your landlord's bill,

Death stares ye in the face.

With grief sincere I pity those

Who've drawn themselves this
scrape in,Since from his dreadful gripe heaven
knows,

Alas! there's no escaping.

This one advice, my friends, pursue,

Whilst yet ye've life and breath,

Never pledge your host, for if you do,

You'll surely drink to Death.

EPIGRAM.

On seeing a Gentleman with two
Watches.

Fribble, alas! I fear it much

In some foul crime is catch'd—

Why so?—Because his guilt is such,

You see he's double watch'd.

King James being at Salisbury, a
man wanted to do something, as he
thought, to merit the attention of his
Majesty; he therefore climbed up to
the top of the spire, and then came down
again very safe, which made him talked
of by every person, as having done
something very uncommon, from the
prodigious height, and expecting some
royal favour for it, he kept as near the
king as possible; when being pointed
out by some of his attendants, his
Majesty desired him to come near, and
asked him if he was the person! He
answered, "yes." "Well," said the
king, "thou really art a clever man, I
will give thee a patent for it."

ON A LADY STUNG BY A BEE.

To heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon the part she laid,
And bade me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, I obeyed, and from the wound
Extracted sweet and smart;
The honey on my lips I found—
The sting within my heart.

DUBLIN WIT.—A Dublin paper stated, that a certain Alderman of that city, having been on his departure from a dinner at the Mayoralty House, solicited by a poor woman for charity, for herself and five starving children, exclaimed, "D—n you, I would give 50*l*. to be as hungry as any of you."

A CORPORATION JOKE.—A worthy Alderman describing a *grand dinner* at Paris, of three courses and a desert, a bye-stander observed, it must have been a splendid feast: "No, sir," cried our connoisseur in cookery, "It was a beggarly one, for every thing was done to *rage*."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to the inquiries of several Correspondents respecting the conclusion of the *Angler*, we have to observe, that the articles under that head were furnished by a Correspondent, whose punctuality in furnishing seven papers, we thought a guarantee for his finishing the subject, which we doubt not some unforeseen occurrence has prevented.—If, however, J. W. should not send the concluding paper in a week or two, we shall endeavour to supply the deficiency, and complete the subject.

R. M. H. will perhaps excuse our delaying the commencement of his interesting article, until he has furnished us with the conclusion.

The Last Moments of Celebrated Men, and the Grateful Servant, in our next.

We shall be happy to avail ourselves of the proffered services of + +

Candidus and Debitor are informed we were not deceived.

Duelling is of much older date than A. W. assigns to it.

We thank Kiow, but the subject is familiar to us.

Jacobus, and all our anagrammatical Correspondents are informed, that we shall give an article on the subject shortly, though it will be neither personal nor political.

The suggestion of F. R-y, is under consideration.

The Love Letters of Henry VIII.

were translated from the autographs in the Library of the Vatican.

S. J.'s Anecdote, of some time ago, is very stale.

Goldsmith's Elegy on a Mad Dog, very good, but well known.

The Epitaph on the Marquis of Anglessey's Leg, is very good, but too well known, to render it a novelty to our readers.

Hassan's lines are pretty, but they are addresses to young ladies, &c.; with these our table is already loaded.

The Three Blind Beggars is an amusing tale, and does credit to our juvenile Correspondent, but it is too long and too local.

The favours of Edric, E. B., G. L. K., A. Y., J. W., J. M. S., Septima, Peter, Amator, L. P. K., F. H. (at Christmas), Peter Grievous, Æ. C. E. Omega, T. H. Y., K. S., A. J., G. G., D. K. L., Historicus, A. X. Y. Z., T. H. Y., Glow-worm, R. D. W. K., Solo, Anthony Bobus, Lector Speculi, J. S. Wely, B. L., and G. E. G., are intended for insertion.

Geo. T-yl-r, must not be indelicate in his communications, if he expects them to appear in the *Mirror*.

X. Z. or a more *lengthy* article on the subject, soon.

Beta's last favour early.—His others are not forgotten.

Essays must be very good to gain insertion.

F. D. B.'s Parody has merit, but we dare not promise it insertion.

R. V. is quite mistaken, when he says "the words of a Sonnet are not of much importance, provided the tune is good." Words, and not tunes, are what we give.

The following articles have been deemed inadmissible: The Anacreontic, by J. N., G. G., F. H., G. W. A., The Haunted Beach, Azim, D. G. C., W. P., with Humphrey and the Apple Pie.

Juvenis's lines are pretty, but not of general interest.

A. Y. B. amusing, but not quite in our line.

I. H.'s verses are pretty, but we want something more.

Paradoxes are inadmissible.

J. M. says enough in praise of coffee, but does not say it very well.

Speculus, though not without point, has not enough to compensate for its allusions.

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